THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 17, 1802.

## *Account of the Diſcovery and Education of the Savage of Aveyron.*

IN the end of the year 1798, this young ſavage was diſcovered by ſome perſons purſuing the chace in the woods of Caune, in the department of Aveyron in France. They ſeized him while he was climbing to eſcape up a tree. He was taken to a neighbouring village, and put under the care of an old woman. From her he, within leſs than eight days, fled to the hills. After again enduring the ſeverity of the winter-months in the open air, he voluntarily entered a dwelling-houſe, and was detained and preſerved for a time in reſtraint, firſt in the hoſpital of St. Afrique, afterward at Rhodez; from Rhodez, he was carried to Paris, in the end of the year 1799.

Vulgar, as well as philoſophical curioſity, was much attracted toward the youug ſavage when he arrived in that city. His apparent qualities were, however, ſuch as to diſappoint ſome of the fanciful expectations with which people thronged to ſee him. He was, notwithſtanding every care, ſlovenly and dirty, and ſubject to frequent ſpaſmodic and convulſive emotions. He held himſelf in a moving ſee-ſaw poſture, and when contradicted or reſtrained, he expreſſed his reſentment by biting and ſcratching. Toward thoſe by whom he was attended and nouriſhed, he had conceived no affection. He ſhowed no curioſity nor concern in regard to ſurrounding objects; his eyes had no expreſſion of mind in them; and they wandered inceſſantly from one thing to another. He was unconſcious, as it ſeemed, of the diſtinctions of ſounds, but heard the loud and the low with equal indifference. The odours, which are to others the moſt exquiſitely pleaſing, ſeemed not to be to him more agreeable than ſmells the moſt noiſome and fœtid. His ſenſe of feeling was not leſs

obtuſe than his other ſenſes; and he ſeemed to have no principle of action but the impulſe of hunger, and no ſource of delight, except the ſenſations of taſte. To Dr. Pinel, who carefully examined his character, it appeared extremely doubtful, whether the young ſavage were not abſolutely an ideot, of whoſe improvement by education there could be no hopes.

In this ſtate of character, and, as nearly as could be learned, at about twelve years of age, he was placed by the adminiſtrators of the French national inſtitute for the deaf and dumb, under the tuition of Dr. Itard, and in the houſe of Mrs. Guerin.

Dr. Itard, in his attempts for this youth's education, has endeavoured to attach him to ſocial life, to awaken his nervous ſenſibility, to enlarge the ſphere of his ideas—to lead him to the imitative uſe of articulate ſpeech—and to accuſtom him to the exerciſe of reaſon, in regard to the ſupply of his wants, and the uſual ſubjects of elementary inſtruction.

The young ſavage was, at firſt, ſolitary and melancholy. Unleſs led by hunger to the kitchen, he uſed to ſit alone on the ground in a languid poſture, in a corner of the garden, or to hide himſelf on the ſecond floor of an old building, which ſtood contiguous. To bring him to endure ſociety, Dr. Itard directed him, as he was fond of ſleep, to be put carefully to bed at the cloſe of day; to be plentifully ſupplied with thoſe ſorts of food of which he was fond; to be complied with for a time, in his diſpoſition to indolence; and to be attended, whenever he choſe to run or walk in the open air. Sudden changes of the weather were obſerved powerfully to rouſe the attention of the boy. If the ſun burſt ſuddenly out, with a ſtrong light, from under a cloud by which it had been concealed; or if a boiſterous wind happened to ariſe, he would view the change ſometimes with an almoſt convulſive joy, expreſſed in loud peals of laughter; ſometimes with emotions of ſeeming diſtraction, in which he would wring his hands, gnaſh his teeth, and hide his eyes with his hands ſhut. Awaking one morning when the ground was covered with ſnow, which had fallen ſuddenly during the night, he uttered a ſcream of joy, ſprang from his bed, ſeized the firſt opportunity to eſcape into the garden; and there fondly rolled himſelf in the ſnow, and eagerly ſwallowed it by handfulls. When the moon ſhone by night, he would ſtart from his bed, approach the windows, and there ſtand motionleſs with his neck ſtretched out, and his eyes gazing toward the ſcene from which the light ſeemed to proceed.—By degrees, the means uſed to reconcile him to human ſociety were obſerved to produce, in part, the intended effect. His diſpoſition to gluttony and indolence, was, likewiſe, in part overcome; and he was taught to take a new pleaſure in exerciſes ſubſervient to his inſtruction.

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To awaken his nervous ſenſibility, was not the leaſt difficult part of the taſk undertaken by Dr. Itard. Cold and wet ſeemed to have no power over the young ſavage's ſenſations. He would handle burning coals with eaſy indifference; would ſnatch potatoes out of boiling water, and devour them without ſenſe of inconvenience from their heat. Snuff, applied in whatever quantity to his noſtrils, could not excite him to ſneeze, nor to the ſhedding of tears. No ſound, but that of the cracking of walnuts, a fruit of which he was exceedingly fond, could awake his hearing to briſk attention. Dr Itard endeavoured, firſt, to bring him, by the frequent uſe of the hot bath, to a lively ſenſe of the difference between heat and cold. This trial ſucceeded; and the young ſavage, after ſome time, became even a nice judge of the variations in the temperature of the bath; and would not enter it unleſs when it was ſufficiently hot. He became ſoon after ſo reconciled to the conſtant uſe of clothes, as to dreſs himſelf, when left with his clothes beſide him, and denied other aſſiſtance. His ingenious tutor tried alſo to improve his ſenſibility, by exciting him at times to anger; and thought he could, in ſome inſtances, perceive, that when the boy's anger was violently roufed, it had power to confer, for the moment, a new acuteneſs and activity on his underſtanding. Dr. Itard tried with greater willingneſs what happy effects might be produced by exciting the youth to joy. He was found to be eminently ſuſceptible of that ſimple and lively joy, which children are ſeen to receive from things which perſons of maturer reaſon can behold without emotion. A ray of the ſun playing by reflection from a mirror on the ceiling of his chamber; a glaſs of water falling, drop by drop, from a certain height upon his fingers, when he was in the bath; a wooden baſin containing milk, and put to ſwim about on the ſurface of the water by its undulations while he bathed; would, at any time, move him to a rapture of joy, which he demonſtrated by lively ſhouts, and by an earneſt clapping of his hands. His powers of ſenſation gradually yielded to the means which were taken to excite them. He learned to diſtinguiſh, by preſſure with his fingers, whether potatoes, his favourite food, were boiled to the ſoftneſs at which he thought them fit to be eaten. He would now, inſtead of freely handling burning coals, even throw haſtily away a bit of lighted paper, when the flame ſeemed to be coming too near to his fingers' ends. His noſtrils were now eaſily ſuſceptible of irritation to ſqueezing, by the common ſtimulants; and he had acquired, in reſpect to his food, the habit of the niceſt preference of delicate cleanlineſs.

Dr. Itard employed other means to enlarge the range of his pupil's deſires and wants, and to encreaſe the number of his connexions with ſurrounding objects. He ſucceeded, at length, in bringing the boy to find amuſement in ſearching for a cheſt.

nut hidden under one of ſeveral goblets, which were arranged together, on a table. He carried the ſavage to dine abroad, at houſes at which the table was ſerved on purpoſe with a collection of his favourite diſhes of vegetables, ſuch as he did not every day find at home; and thus created in him a delight in paying viſits where his appetite was ſo highly gratified. Being taken out often in a carriage the boy acquired a conſiderable fondneſs for being thus removed from place to place. He was taken to walk in the public gardens; and there was little difficulty in making him learn to take pleaſure in this exerciſe. By degrees, his ſocial affections were perceived to awaken; and he learned to acknowledge a permanent relation between himſelf and the perſons with whom he lived. Having in a walk once ſlipped from Mrs. Guerin's ſide, in the ſtreet, he ſoon again joined her of his own accord, and then, for the firſt time, burſt into tears. He appeared indeed to contract for this good lady all the affection of a child for his mother or nurſe. For Dr. Itard, he began to evince alſo a kind, though not quite ſo warm an attachment.

In teaching him the uſe of ſpeech, his ingenious and benevolent preceptor has been as yet but very imperfectly ſucceſsful. When the human voice began to move his attention, it was the vowel O, of which he was firſt obſerved to diſtinguiſh the enunciation. Dr. Itard, hence gave him the name of Victor; and when this name is uttered loud, and when the O is the moſt fully articulated, the youth now ſeldom fails to ſhow that he recognizes his name. He next learned to diſtinguiſh the meaning of the monoſyllable No. Still, however, he continued ſilent. At laſt, after many trials, he was brought to utter in a diſtinct, though ſomewhat uncouth manner, the French name, Lait, of his favourite liquid. Beſide Lait, he has ſince learned of himſelf to utter the two ſyllables La and Li; in pronouncing which he is obſerved to lengthen, and even redouble the ſound of the L. Hearing Mrs. Guerin to uſe occaſionally the exclamation, Oh Dieu! he has caught theſe ſounds, but without the u; and, in his fits of joy, is accuſtomed now to cry out, Oh Diie! Theſe are the only articulate ſounds he has yet been known to utter. They comprehend all the vowels but u, with the liquid conſonant L, and the mutes t and d.

The other exerciſes in which Dr. Itard engaged his pupil, were directed expreſsly to the culture of the boy's reaſoning powers. After ſome trials, Victor learned to arrange a few material objects, in the order in which he had been accuſtomed to ſee them; and this he would do, by an effort not leſs of comparing reaſon, than of memory. Theſe trials were continued, varied, and made ſtill more and more difficult, till they exhauſted the boy's perſeverance, and drove him to fits of anger, which commonly terminated in convulſions. Dr. Itard was upon this,

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for a ſhort time, at a loſs how to proceed. At length he was led by an accident to try whether Victor's convulſionary rage might not be overcome by terror. He had obſerved the boy to be affected with a fear which produced a cold ſweat on his body, when he looked over the parapet of the obſervatory. On the firſt occaſion of his anger, therefore, amid his taſks, the doctor opened the window of the apartment, which was on the fourth floor of the houſe, took Victor, with ſeeming anger, in his arms, and held him by force out at the window, as if with a determination to throw him down from it. This expedient ſucceeded. The boy's convulſive rage was calmed at once by his terror. He yielded to the aſcendency of his maſter, and reſumed his taſk; nor were the convulſionary or epileptic affections afterward renewed. From exerciſes, of which the object was to enable the boy to diſtinguiſh differences in the figures and the arrangements of ſeveral ſmall pieces of matter, Dr. Itard next endeavoured to lead him to a knowledge of the letters of the alphabet. A board was for this purpoſe prepared with four and twenty ſmall ſquares cut on its ſurface, like thoſe of the draught-boards in uſe among our peaſantry. The four and twenty letters of the alphabet were printed on correſponding ſquares of paſteboard, to be inſerted in the ſquares of the board: the ſame four and twenty letters were likewiſe caſt in ſo many ſeparate pieces of metal. The paſteboards were put on the ſquares in the boards: the metallic letters were placed near; and Victor was to learn his alphabet, by placing each metallic letter on the paſtboard one with which it correſponded. The youth, in a few trials, in which he had the aſſiſtance only of Mrs. Guerin, made himſelf eaſily maſter of this exerciſe. He was ſoon after eaſily inſtructed by Dr. Itard to ſpell out the word Lait, with his metallic alphabet, when he wanted milk. This he perfectly learned after five or ſix trials. He would then go with his metallic letters to the houſe of the milkman; ſpell out with thoſe letters the word Lait, upon the table; and then expect his wonted portion of milk.

Such was this youth before he had the benefit of any attempts toward his education: and, ſuch is the progreſs in awakening his faculties, and directing their exertions to his welfare, which has been made in the ſpace of nine months.—He is, undoubtedly, poſſeſſed of powers which, with due care, may be cultivated, at leaſt to the ordinary ſtandard of human intelligence.—In any other hands but thoſe of a man of genius, tenderneſs, and philoſophical ſagacity, ſuch as Dr. Itard, he would, probably, have turned out a hopeleſs idiot. The phænomena of his awakening ſenſes and reaſon, are inexpreſſibly intereſting to philoſophy; becauſe they throw a light which has never before been obtained, on the progreſs of the human mind in the infancy of our faculties and organic ſenſibility.

*Particulars*

*Particulars of the Celebration of the coming of Age of the Hon. Miſs Baſſet, the Heireſs of Lord De Dunſtanville.*

ON Saturday the firſt of May was celebrated, at Tehidy Park, in the county of Cornwall, in the true old Engliſh ſtyle, the Hon. Miſs Baſſet's attaining the age of twenty-one. At day-break the bells of Illogan and Camborne awakened the neighbourhood to the approaching feſtivity. Two large oxen, fattened for the occaſion, were diſtributed, early in the morning, to the poor of the above pariſhes, and each pariſh had likewiſe twenty-ſeven buſhels of wheat and a hogſhead of beer; at the ſame time twenty-four buſhels of wheat, made into bread, were given to the poor of Redruth. At twelve the battery at Portnath fired a ſalute of twenty-one guns. By this time the company began to aſſemble at the manſion-houſe, conſiſting of the gentlemen and tenantry of the neighbourhood; at two o'clock the company ſat down in a booth erected for the occaſion, (the houſe not being equal to accommodate ſo many viſitors), to a dinner compoſed of ſolid ribs, rounds, and honeſt ſirloins of beef, and other ſubſtantial diſhes. The joy of the day gave alacrity to the domeſtics, and every thing that could conduce to the comfort of the party, was minutely attended to. At proper intervals, during the repaſt, the ear was ſoothed with the ſoft ſtrains of muſic adapted to the occaſion, by an excellent band aſſembled for the purpoſe.

After the cloth was removed, the following toaſts were given by the preſident:

1. The Hon. Miſs Baſſet;—May ſhe long live to be the ornament of her illuſtrious family, and the kind benefactreſs of the poor!

2. Lord de Dunſtanville;—May he long live to ſee the happineſs of his daughter, and enjoy the fruits of his own benevolent exertions!

3. Lady Dunſtanville and family.

4. The King.

5. The Queen, and Royal Family.

6. Old England;—May ſhe long flouriſh independent and free!

7. Army and Navy.

8. Heroes of Egypt.

9. Proſperity to the county of Cornwall.

10. Succeſs to mining.

11. Succeſs to agriculture.

When the Hon. Miſs Baſſet's health was drank, lines written on the occaſion were ſung by a gentleman preſent with an effect that did honour to his taſte and feelings; and when he came to theſe lines,

" May Heaven protect this virtuous fair,
" Who to the widow lends her ear !"

The company caught the enthuſiaſm of the ſinger, and rended the air with three times three cheers. Various other ſongs, appoſite to the toaſts, with occaſional glees, gave pleaſure and joy to every countenance ; whilſt the ſparkling goblet, brimming with wine, kindled " the flow of reaſon, and the glow of ſoul." Mutual tranſport and exultation communicated from breaſt to breaſt, whilſt all preſent vied in expreſſions of attachment and reſpect to a lady ſo worthy of her illuſtrious family and rank.

The poor, the firſt provided for in this entertainment, poured forth their prayers for her health and happineſs, and for the welfare of her good family ; the authors of many a comfort and many a joy to their decling days.

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*Narrative of the cruel Puniſhment inflicted by Order of the late Emperor Paul, on Mr. Seider, Lutheran-Miniſter of Randen, in Livonia, who was accuſed of having prohibited Books in his Poſſeſſion.*

IN the month of April, 1800, I had lent a gentleman in my neighbourhood ſome books to read. When I received them back again, I found, that one of them, the firſt volume of Lafontaine's Power of Love (a work much eſteemed and generally read) was not in the parcel, which had been delivered to me in a very tattered condition by the poſtilion. I immediately wrote to my correſpondent begging him to inform me, whether he had retained the book : but he aſſured me, upon his honour, that he had ſent it back well packed up with the other books. Not doubting, then, that the parcel had at one of the poſt-ſtations been opened by ſome inquiſitive perſon, and the book taken out of it, and loſt ; and being loth to have the ſet broken, I cauſed a ſhort advertiſement to be inſerted in the Dorpat newſpaper, intimating, that " a parcel containing ſuch and ſuch books (here I named them all) having been lately ſent to me by the poſt from the eſtate A ; the firſt volume of Lafontaine's Power of Love had been loſt out of it, on the road from the ſaid eſtate to the parſonage of Randen : and as I wiſhed to recover this volume for the ſake of the other three, I begged that whoever had found it would have the goodneſs to ſend it to me, and that I ſhould thankfully pay all expences."

The conſequences of this advertiſement was, that I ſoon after recovered my loſt book ; and likewiſe, that I became the moſt wretched of men. For I had already forgotten the circumſtance, when one day (it was the 24th of May, 1800), as I was walking in my garden, and contemplating my trees then in full bloſſom,

M. Von.

M. Von. Rennenkampf, aſſeſſor of the tribunal at Dorpat, drove up to my door. Being a friend and acquaintance of my houſe, and hereditary proprietor of three of my domeſtics, his unexpected appearance did not cauſe much ſurpriſe: but he ſoon opened to me the real object of his viſit. He ſhewed me an order from his excellency the governor-general of Livonia and Eſthonia, addreſſed to the tribunal at Dorpat, to the following effect: "The book-licencers at Riga, having learned from an advertiſement in the Dorpat newſpaper, that the Rev. Mr. Seider, paſtor in Randen, had in his poſſeſſion not only ſuſpicious but even forbidden books and lent them to read, had made a report thereon to his excellency, requeſting him to give orders to the proper officers of juſtice to proceed to the parſonage of Randen, and make out a liſt of, and ſeal up, *the circulating library* of Paſtor Seider, and to tranſmit the ſaid liſt to the board of licencers at Riga." I ſtartled a little on reading this order, but without being confuſed, and, conducting M. Rennenkampf to my library, deſired him to execute his office. The good man aſked me, with a look of ſympathy, whether I had not any thing to remove out of the way. But I replied, that as, to the beſt of my knowledge, I had not any prohibited or noxious book in my poſſeſſion, I wiſhed him to make out a liſt of all without exception. He did ſo, and had finiſhed the liſt about mid-day. We then ſat down to dinner.

In the afternoon M. Rennenkampf wrote an account of the whole procedure, and had juſt begun to execute the laſt part of his commiſſion by ſealing up the books;—when ſuddenly M. Tumanſky, (counſellor of ſtate, and licencer at Riga) accompanied by the ſecretary of the board of licencers, and by M. Brümer, captain of the circle, entered the apartment. They informed us, that they were come to examine my library.—On hearing this, M. Aſſeſſor Rennenkampf ſaid; "That has already been done by me; here is the liſt of the books; but perhaps you, gentlemen, have received other orders, &c." No anſwer was returned; and the ſecretary immediately began to write a new liſt. While he was thus employed, M. Tumanſky ſat down to a collation which was ſerved up to him, and I walked quite unconcerned and inapprehenſive of danger towards the apartment of the curate, who reſided at my houſe. There I found Captain Brümer; but on my entering he immediately left the room. M. Joungna (that was the curate's name) drew me aſide, and, taking me by the hand, ſaid: "My dear friend, I have ſomething to communicate to you from Captain Brümer: but do not be alarmed."—"What is it? I am prepared for the worſt."—You muſt go to Peterſburg!" On hearing this I was frightened a little: but ſoon recovering myſelf, was proceeding to inquire further of M. Joungna; when M. Brümer himſelf returned. He now ſhewed me the order from Peterſburg, which

M. Tumanſky had communicated to him. By command of his imperial majeſty it was addreſſed by his excellency the attorney general to M. Tumanſko, the licencer at Riga, directing him to proceed to Randen, to make out a liſt of the library there, ſeal it up, and ſend it and the proprietor to Peterſburg. It now appeared that, beſides the information to the governor general of Livonia, a report had likewiſe been ſent to Peterſburg. I was again greatly ſhocked; however, conſcious of the goodneſs of my cauſe, I conceived that I had nothing to fear, and was only anxious, how to communicate the intelligence in the leaſt alarming manner to my wife. I went to her, and told her all. She ſunk almoſt lifeleſs into my arms: but, as with the tendereſt ſenſibility of heart ſhe likewiſe poſſeſſes great ſtrength of mind, ſhe ſoon recovered from the ſhock, went to M. Tumanſky, laid hold of his hand to kiſs it, and ſaid to him with a look moſt expreſſive of the agitation of her mind: "I beg, Sir, you will not make my huſband unhappy." M. Tumanſky aſſured her, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that ſhe need be under no apprehenſion on my account; that the whole was done merely for form's ſake, and that I would be back again in fourteen days at the fartheſt. M. Brümer giving her ſimilar aſſurances, my wife became more tranquil, and went to pack up the neceſſary clothes and linen. I myſelf, I own it was not apprehenſive of any danger; and how could I be ſo, conſcious as I was that I had committed no crime? I ſent for the pariſh-clerk, and gave him the neceſſary orders relative to the performance of divine ſervice during my abſence. In the mean time the ſecretary had finiſhed the liſt of my books. M. Tumanſky, the licencer, read it through, and declared the following books prohibited and dangerous: viz. "Lafontaine's Power of Love;"—"Spalding on the Deſtination of Man;"—"On a Perpetual Peace; by Kant and Sonntags" (upper paſtor in Riga).—To my inquiry, when and where theſe books had been prohibited, he returned no anſwer: and when I aſſured him, that, as far as my abilities enabled me to judge, I had not found any thing noxious or dangerous in them, he replied, that I muſt refrain from all reaſoning on the ſubject.

My books were then packed up in three cheſts, and ſent to Dorpat, to be thence forwarded by the poſt to Peterſburg. After ſupper, the gentlemen all ſet off for Dorpat. I followed them the following day, accompanied by my wife. As I drove through my fields, I caſt a friendly farewell-look at the green undulating crops;—but, alas! little did I then think, that I was taking leave of them for ever! When I arrived at M. Tumanſky's houſe, in Dorpat, I found ſeveral gentlemen of the law, members of the tribunals, aſſembled: they unanimouſly aſſured me, that I had nothing to fear, and that they hoped ſoon to ſee me back again; for it appeared from the liſt of my books

(which ſeveral perſons in Dorpat had already peruſed) that, at leaſt as far as it was known to the public there were no prohibited ones among them, and that almoſt all of them were read at Dorpat.

I now placed myſelf in my carriage; and the courier whom the attorney general had ſent for me from Peterſburg, and who had waited for me in Dorpat, ſeated himſelf at my ſide. I paid for the poſt-horſes out of my own pocket as far as Peterſburg, where we arrived on the third day after our departure from Dorpat. We drove to the houſe of the attorney general. His excellency gave me a very gracious and friendly reception, and told me, that I had nothing to fear; and that I might write to my wife. Another gentleman of diſtinction (who belonged to the attorney general's office) ſaid to me: "Be not afraid; you are in good hands; your books will be examined, and if any prohibited ones be found among them, you will be aſked, whether you imported them in a clandeſtine manner, or bought them at a public ſhop—whether you purchaſed them before or after the prohibition: and if you can properly juſtify yourſelf, all the puniſhment you have to apprehend, is, that the book will be confiſcated." Such aſſurances could not fail to render me tranquil.

By order of his excellency I now wrote a declaration, in which I ſaid every thing that I thought would tend to prove my innocence. This declaration was immediately diſpatched by a courier to Pawlowſki, where the emperor then reſided. His excellency now returned to me, converſed with me in a moſt gracious manner, and ſaid to me, that, as I could not remain in his houſe, he would ſend me to another place, where I would enjoy more convenience and tranquillity;—and that he would there viſit me himſelf. I was now put into a boat, in which I was rowed a conſiderable way on the Neva; and when I landed, I found myſelf in the citadel. The courier who had been ſent along with me by the attorney general, delivered a letter to the officer upon guard, who conducted me to a very clean apartment, the furniture of which conſiſted of a bed, a table, and a couple of chairs. Here they took from me whatever had the leaſt appearance of being a dangerous inſtrument: my razors, ſciſſors, combs, my knee-buckles, ſeal, and my pocket-book, with the money and bills contained in it. They likewiſe ſeparated my ſervant from me: but in other reſpects I was well treated, only very ſtrictly watched.

With the utmoſt impatience I here waited for the attorney general. He came to me on the ſame day, and ſaid to me with a mien full of benignity: "Mr. Seider, be not alarmed, becauſe I ordered you to be brought hither: it is only the word *citadel* that ſounds dreadful. As you are, at any rate, a priſoner till your affair can be inveſtigated, it is better for you to be here than in any other part of the city." I inquired, whether I had been

brought

brought hither by command of his imperial majeſty? His anſwer in the affirmative, made me tremble exceſſively. His excellency, obſerving this, ſaid: "Be more compoſed, and hope for the beſt: the affair will undoubtedly take a favourable turn: you are now ſuſpected of having committed a crime, and muſt with patience ſubmit to a temporary confinement.—To-morrow we may receive a deciſion from Pawlowſky, and then I ſhall immediately have the pleaſure of announcing to you your liberation."

He likewiſe gave me permiſſion to walk in the garden of the citadel, and to write to my wife; of which laſt indulgence, however, I declined availing myſelf until I ſhould have recovered my liberty. After his excellency had left me, I threw myſelf on my bed in an agony of grief, and by a flood of tears gave eaſe to my almoſt burſting heart.

*(To be continued.)*

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## GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

### For April, 1802.

### *FRANCE.*

THE important diſcuſſions relative to the definitive treaty having been concluded, the treaty itſelf was ſigned at Amiens, in a rough copy, on the 25th, and in a fair copy on the 27th of March, between the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, Spain, and Batavia. It is an event highly momentous to the intereſts of this country, and indeed to thoſe of the world.

Malta is, however, to be reſtored in its integrity to its ancient lords, the knights of St. John of Jeruſalem; the French and Engliſh are to be equally excluded from all the dignities of the order, and the independence of the iſland is guaranteed by England, France, Auſtria, Ruſſia, Spain, and Pruſſia.

The concordat lately ſubmitted to the legiſlature of France contains the following regulations. The archbiſhops are to receive 15,000 livres a year, or nearly 800l.—the biſhops 10,000, or upwards of 500l.—the rectors in large towns 1500 livres, or between 70l. and 80l.—and in villages 1000 livres, or between 50l. and 60l. The government, it is ſaid, will pay the clergy of all ſects, except the Jews, who muſt pay their own.

It is ſaid that the day before the concordat was preſented, a private ſitting of the tribunate was held, in which Carnot, one of the new members, ſpoke very ſtrongly againſt the concordat, and the preſent anti-revolutionary ſtate of France.

In the legiſlative aſſembly Lucien Bonaparte made a brilliant ſpeech in favour of the concordat, which was carried in the affirmative, and declared by the preſident to be a law of the ſtate.

The chief conſul of France has very modeſtly put himſelf at the head of the Chriſtian church. "I and his holineſs (ſaid Bonaparte) have made choice of you, &c." when he addreſſed himſelf to the cardinal legate.

By the new regulation Proteſtants and Papiſts are placed, as they ſhould be, upon equal footing, and equally entruſted with the only arms with which they ſhould ever engage—we mean thoſe of fair argument and diſcuſſion; reaſon and the right of private judgment has prevailed over bigotry and ſuperſtition. It may be aſſerted, it is true, with reſpect to France itſelf, that her own individual poſſeſſion of liberty is but nominal—that the chief conſul has, at this moment, a controul ſuperior to that poſſeſſed by moſt of the Bourbons—and that the new ſyſtem of patronizing religion is a mere farce and mockery with reſpect to himſelf, and intended for no other purpoſe than that of advancing his own ambitious views, and ſecuring himſelf in the ſupreme power. But the more diſhoneſt we admit the chief conſul to be in his profeſſions, the more we behold him, in order to ſecure his ſituation, compelled to conſult the will of the people.

## *WEST INDIES.*

By his majeſty's brig Raven, Captain Saunders, which arrived at Spithead the 10th of April, government received diſpatches from St. Domingo, containing the important information that Touſſaint, after ſuſtaining a defeat, had retired with his army into the interior part of the iſland. The army of Touſſaint, it is ſaid, fought with the greateſt deſperation.

The Moniteur of the 15th of April aſſerts, that the diſpatches brought to Breſt by Jerome Bonaparte ſay, that General Leclerc ſeems to conſider the formidable obſtacles which preſented themſelves on his firſt landing, very nearly overcome, and that he had great hopes of ſubjugating Touſſaint. All the coaſt, and the whole of the ports, are in poſſeſſion of the French. The blacks, in their retreat, ſet fire to ſeveral of the places which they were obliged to evacuate, and a number of the white inhabitants, it is ſaid, have been put to death by them.

## *GREAT BRITAIN.*

Peace being now ſettled, events of importance to the public will not ſo frequently ariſe, and men will naturally turn their attention to internal improvements. It appears, that no commercial treaty has been ſettled between our country and its late foes, and that trade is left, at leaſt for the preſent, to take its own courſe.

courſe. A wide field is now opened for the extenſion and improvement of trade, and there is now an opportunity for ingenious perſons, of different nations, to exhibit to the public their ſkill, by improvements in the arts, in agriculture, and in the various branches of commerce; employments much more uſeful, as well as pleaſing, than thoſe warlike ones in which ſo many thouſands were employed during the late conteſt.

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## *The Hiſtory of Perourou; or, the Bellows-Mender.*

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY HIMSELF.

By Miſs Helen Maria Williams.

MY hiſtory is compoſed of the moſt ſingular circumſtances. Condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the moſt abject claſs, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of ſociety, which ruins ſo many fortunes, laid the ſolid foundation of mine. I am married, rich, and happy, from having been the docile inſtrument of an extraordinary act of miſchievouſneſs.

I was born in one of thoſe little hamlets, ſituated in the neighbourhood of Montelimart. My father had many a fruitleſs effort to raiſe himſelf above indigence. His laſt reſource, in his old age, aroſe from the exerciſe of a talent which he had acquired in his youth; that of a bellows-mender. This, though not a very brilliant occupation, was the profeſſion to which I was deſtined, at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied, at firſt, in following my buſineſs under the inſpection of my father, nature had endowed me with diſpoſitions for induſtry; and I ſoon rivalled, and even excelled, my maſter. Ambition led me to imagine, that my talents were fitted for a wider ſphere; and ſome of my excurſions as far as the gates of Montelimart, ſucceeded beyond my wiſhes. After furniſhing all I could ſpare, for the ſupport of my father's old age; I found means to amaſs a little ſum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city, amply provided with ſuch articles as belonged to my profeſſion; and the public places, and moſt crowded ſtreets, ſoon reſounded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well-ſhaped: I ſold my wares rapidly; and became a general favourite with the chambermaids, which was the utmoſt limit of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which ſerved me for a warehouſe as well as a lodging, I was accoſted by four well-dreſſed young men, who ſeemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the moſt ſolitary ſtreets

of

of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleaſantries on the lateneſs of the evening; accompanied by ſarcaſms on my profeſſion of bellows-mender, which I anſwered in a ſtyle of raillery at which they appeared ſurpriſed. I ſaw them look at each other ſignificantly; and, immediately after, heard them ſay—" This is our man!" I own, that theſe words made me ſtart: finding myſelf alone, in the dark, without any means of reſiſtance, and at the mercy of four ſtout young men. What would become of me! was the reflection that occupied my mind; when one of them, who gueſſed at the cauſe of my terror, ſoon diſpelled it, by accoſting me in a tone of affability —" Perourou," (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders) " Perourou," ſaid he, " you probably have not ſupped; nor we, either. Our ſupper is ready, will you go with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come, and ſup with us; and, after ſupper, we will talk with you. Do not be afraid; we are gentlemen: if you will not enter into our ſchemes, we ſhall only require your promiſe of ſecrecy, which you will run no riſk in keeping."

There was ſomething in the voice of the perſon who ſpoke to me, as well as in the propoſition itſelf, ſo ſeducing, that I accepted the offer without heſitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me croſs ſeveral ſtreets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furniſhed; where we found ſix other young men, who ſeemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A ſhort explanation took place concerning me, and we ſat gaily down to ſupper. I had the honour of making the company laugh, by ſome of my arch obſervations; and confirmed them in the good opinion with which it was neceſſary they ſhould be impreſſed before they would come to a farther explanation. The ſervants withdrew, after placing the deſert on the table; and, during five minutes, a profound ſilence prevailed throughout the aſſembly, which till then had been ſufficiently noiſy.

At length, he who preſided at the repaſt addreſſed me in the following words—" The ten perſons with whom you have ſupped, are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers: our joint profits, with what we obtain from our families, afford us an eaſy independence; and we alſo acquire by our talents, a conſiderable ſhare of reputation. The happineſs we have enjoyed has been lately diſturbed, by love on the one ſide and pride on the other. In the ſtreet of St. Dominic, lives a picture-merchant; who is, himſelf, an ordinary perſonage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extenſive as it is, contains not another maſter-piece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are ſhaded by one ſingle defect; and that de-

fect is, infupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, fhe fondly imagines that none ought to afpire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerable good connoiffeur in painting, but has a very limited underftanding with refpect to every thing elfe, has entirely fpoiled her, by adulation, amounting almoft to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glafs, and habitual incenfe from all around her, have raifed felf love into vanity; and vanity into arrogance, and the moft lofty difdain toward all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence, or the diftinctions of rank. I had the honour—for why fpeak in the third perfon, when it is my own hiftory which I am relating—I had the honour of engaging her notice, from my connections in bufinefs with her father. Sometimes fhe accorded me the fingular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or of attending her to the theatre. Thefe flight favours turned my brain: I thought myfelf beloved, becaufe I was preferred to others; and ventured to unfold my pretenfions to her father, who lent a favourable ear to my offers. Indeed, my family, profeffion, fortune, and fituation, gave me a right to prefume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my furprize when, on the firft overture refpecting marriage, the infolent girl, in my prefence, anfwered her father in a tone of the moft haughty arrogance—" Do you think, Sir, that a young woman like me, was born for nothing better than an engraver?"

" I confefs, that this infolent and impudent remark extinguifhed every fentiment of love in my bofom; and love, when fled, is eafily followed by a defire of revenge. " My friends," I exclaimed, to thofe who now furround us, " this difdainful girl has, in my perfon, committed a general outrage againft us all. Efpoufe my caufe; and let us form fuch a plan, as fhall ferve to fhew her, that fhe has not, indeed, been born to the honour of becoming the wife of an engraver!"

" Such is my hiftory: do you feel fufficient confidence, and think yourfelf endowed with fufficient difcretion to merit being raifed above your prefent condition? Beneath the abject covering which now difguifes you, it is eafy to difcern that you have fome foul, and no common fhare of underftanding. Will you venture to become the hufband of a charming woman; who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punifhed?"—" Yes," anfwered I, with firmnefs; " I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and I will fulfil it in fuch a manner that you fhall have no reafon to blufh for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week, I bathed two hours, morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering fkin and complexion. In the interval of bathing, the moft elegant

gant hair-dreſſer of Lyons gave my long treſſes the form moſt in faſhion. My ten friends furniſhed me with aſſortments of the fineſt linen, and the moſt elegant dreſſes for the various ſeaſons; and were ſoon ſo fond of their work, that we became inſeparable. Almoſt their whole time was employed in giving me inſtructions. One taught me to read, another to write: another ſome notions of drawing; a few leſſons in muſic; a little, in ſhort, of every thing. So that, during three months, my time, thoughts, and attention, were wholly abſorbed in my ſtudies; and I ſoon perceived, that this kind of life ſuited perfectly my taſte. I felt the utmoſt ardour to carry to perfection theſe firſt rudiments of my new education, which had become my chief delight: nature had furniſhed me, not only with a diſpoſition for ſtudy; but with a memory ſo retentive, that my young friends obſerved with ſome aſtoniſhment the rapid progreſs of their diſciple.

At length they thought me ſufficiently accompliſhed, to carry their projects into full execution, and I was removed from my little cloſet, to take poſſeſſion of a ſpacious ſuite of apartments in one of the firſt hotels in Lyons. The bellows-mender diſappeared altogether; to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title, that I preſented myſelf to the picture-merchant; as a purchaſer who paid little attention to a few Louis, provided he met with pieces that were originals. A moſt perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learnt to twirl my ſeals; diſplay my repeating-watch with an air of indifference; ſhew the brilliant which I wore on my finger; or handle an elegant ſnuff-box, on which was painted a fancy-portrait, which I modeſtly obſerved was a picture of a beloved ſiſter.

I was deſirous of pleaſing, and eaſily ſucceeded. But it was not enough to impoſe on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter muſt alſo be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture-merchant gave me notice that he had juſt received a ſuperb collection of engravings from Rome; requeſting me to call the ſame morning, ſince he would not expoſe them to ſale till I ſhould have made my choice.

I haſtened to his houſe, unconſcious of the fate that awaited me. Inſtead of being received, as uſual, by the father, it was the daughter; whom, till then, I had in vain wiſhed to ſee, or, rather, it was beauty itſelf, which ſtood before my eyes in the form of that lovely young woman.

*(To be continued.)*

ADVICE

## ADVICE *to* YOUTH.

YOUTH (ſays Dr. Blair) is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and even in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind that ſacred rule of "doing all things to others according as you wiſh they ſhould do unto you." For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man.

Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years. Compaſſion is an emotion of which you ought never to be aſhamed; graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyments. But go ſometimes to the houſe of mourning, as well as to the houſe of feaſting. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs in any of your amuſements, nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

Friendſhips contracted in youth ſhould be formed with much circumſpection and care. Too many of the pretended friendſhips of youth are mere combinations in pleaſure, and are often as ſuddenly diſſolved as they were capriciouſly contracted.

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## *A* QUESTION, *by T. Davies, Teacher of Mathematics at Trouling.*

ADMIT three merchants A, B, and C, compoſe a ſtock of 2000l. with which they trade together: A. is in ſtock 9 months, B. 7 months, and C. 5 months, and their gain is 396l. Now the agreement is ſuch, that B. is to have, as his ſhare of the gain, one half as much as A, and half as much as C, and C. is to have exactly two-thirds as much as B.—Now from theſe data it is required to find, by algebra, each merchant's ſhare of the gain, and the ſtock of each at firſt.

*Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to G. England's Enigma, inſerted March 22.*

DEPRIV'D of MOTION all will be,
Death, certain death, our deſtiny.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from H. Humphreys, P. Gove, and W. Strong, of Exeter.

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*Anſwer, by E. Moon, of Exeter, to T. Whicker's Charade, inſerted March 29.*

A LUNATICK, if I am right,
Will ſoon your charade bring to light.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, of Exeter; and W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

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*Anſwer, by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter, to T. Adey's Charade, inſerted March 29.*

A MILE-STONE which, no doubt, you mean,
On ev'ry turnpike-road is ſeen.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Cooper, Plymouth Dock; H. Humphreys, J. Squance, E. Moon, and W. Strong, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. Sweetman, near Lyme; J. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior; C. Mackey; H. H. Tullidge, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; G. H. near Bridport; and R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh.

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*A* REBUS, *by H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter.*

A Well-known tree firſt, Sirs, deteſt;
And next a fiſh you muſt ſelect;
Join the initials, without doubt,
A Roman coin you will point out.

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*A* REBUS, *by Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.*

AN animal muſt firſt be told;
A city next you will unfold;
A river likewiſe muſt be found,
Where with ſucceſs my next was crown'd;
A foreign bird you'll bring in ſight,
And next a tree, then all is right.
When Mars his bloody flag unfurls,
My whole around deſtruction hurls.

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*A* REBUS, *by Conſtantia.*

A Well-known fruit firſt bring to light;
And then a bird that flies by night;
A note in muſic next declare;
A uſeful thing then make appear;
A number next you muſt find out;
And then an inſect without doubt.
What us'd by taylors now unfold;
Laſtly, an iſland fam'd of old:
The initials join'd aright, you'll plainly ſee,
A character I'd never wiſh to be.

# POETRY.

## *A* MONODY *on the late* DUKE *of* BEDFORD.

*By* ANTHONY PASQUIN, *Esq.*

HENCE, ye inconſtant and ye vain,
To folly's pitileſs, deluſive train,
If aught of joy can be!
Lo! fallen greatneſs moulders on the bier,
And claims the tributary tear
From virtue and from me.

Call'd, in the bright meridian of his days,
From honour's luminous, unſpotted heights:
Diffuſing ardour, radiance, and delights:
He periſh'd circumvolv'd with glory's rays.

Decline of function is a common ill:
The victor ſickens when the wreath is won.
Our fate is irreſponſive to the will;
We breathe to hope, but feel to be undone!

Hallow'd by truth, and fervent in her cauſe,
Her genuine dogmas he purſued:
Repell'd th' invaſion of his country's laws,
And reaſon ſheath'd his energy with good.
Illuſtrious in act, he ſeem'd refin'd
By the ſoft graces of his mother's mind:
And ſhone to lead, excite, appal, and pleaſe,
With Cato's impulſe, and with Tully's eaſe.
No baſe emotions in his boſom wrought,
Or chill'd the current of his moral thought:
With placid mien he ſooth'd the aims of ſtrife,
And met with dignity the woes of life;
His circling judgment took its high controul,
And chain'd the meaner paſſions of the ſoul:
Firm in his principle, erect he trod,
An honeſt man is only—leſs than God!
When Heaven aſſumes ſuch ſpirits as its own,
The ſighs of nations reach th' eternal throne:
The ſhudd'ring muſes, tuneleſs, ſeek their bow'rs,
And mirth withdraws her magic from the hours;
Philoſophy bedews his page with tears—
The many ſhrink, contracted in their fears.

Thus, while the regal oak, in ſylvan grace,
Extends its ſhelt'ring branches o'er the vale:
The bolt of ruin cleaves its maſſy trunk;
Then, as it lies, of all its beauties ſhorn,
In pond'rous majeſty, ſuppreſs'd and ſunk,
The leſſer race of vegetation mourn,
Leſt other ſtorms ſhould deſolate their race,
And tear their fibres from the natal bed;
Where kindred ſtems have been uprais'd and fed,
And waft their tender fragments 'fore the ruthleſs gale.

His

His vig'rous ſentiment, his manly mind,
Benign, yet noble, meek, yet unconfin'd,
Were conſecrated to the gen'ral weal:
Equal to ſerve, or to ſuſtain command;
To win an empire, or to ſave a land;
Knowing himſelf, he knew the bliſs to feel!
That mortal falls deplor'd, whoſe chaſten'd will
Immingled virtue with his temp'ral pow'r:
But he, whoſe being adds a nerve to ill,
Has liv'd too long, in living but an hour.

Sweet liberty looks palſied from the ſkies,
When Britons ſadden, and a Ruſſell dies!
Imperial liberty! on mountains bred,
By gods deputed, and by ſages fed,
Oft has he woo'd thee, buxom and ſublime,
Bathing thy ſandals in Aurora's dew;
Or ſcudding vigilant, with palſied time,
To gather all he knew.
Till ſhrieking myriads touch'd thy vivid ſenſe,
Then haſt thou hurried o'er the ſtorming deep,
To extirpate the minions of offence,
And bid the ſorrows of a region ſleep.

Above ſuperb illuſion's vile controul;
For Ceres and her vaſt dominion born,
He pour'd the golden grain in plenty's horn:
He amplified the fleece for labour's fecund loom—
Allur'd dull ſloth from miſ'ry's thick'ning gloom,
And burſt the fetters of his torpid ſoul;
Bade joy's effulgence o'er his fancy fly,
Like ſun-beams dazzling in a ſummer's ſky.

Go, ſainted ſhade! ſuperior and divine,
Thou ſhalt not be diſhonour'd, when I bring
The pureſt iſſue of the jocund ſpring
To decorate thy urn; or there rehearſe
Diſcordant images in lyric verſe:
The praiſe of gorgeous folly is not mine.

Ah me! 'mid triumphs, with the wiſe and juſt,
Rapt in the melody of Orphean meaſure;
Diſſolving in the roſy lap of pleaſure,
The fitter fates propel us into duſt!
While eye-ful, ceaſeleſs treach'ry prepares,
Beneath the perfum'd herb, her reptiles and her ſnares.

Blythe hope enſlaves us, by thoſe means we ſought,
In deathful ſport her amulet's diſplay'd:
The flatt'ring ſorc'reſs revels in our thought,
Like the gay viſions of a love-ſick maid;
Till all our ſplendid attributes decay,
And ſink in night's cold mantle, as the fading day.

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## EPIGRAM.

RUDE bards may liſten thro' the live-long night
While Philomel her ſaddeſt muſic plies;
Me other birds, with other ſongs delight,
Pigeons, and rooks, and birds of paradiſe.
Then let the warbling choir diſtend their throats,
And with mix'd muſic charm th' enraptur'd hearer;
But honour'd ſtill be London's charming *notes*,
Dear to the muſe, and "payable to bearer."